

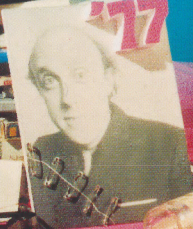
DEMOCRAZY

CHRIS
JUDGE
SMITH

'67



'77

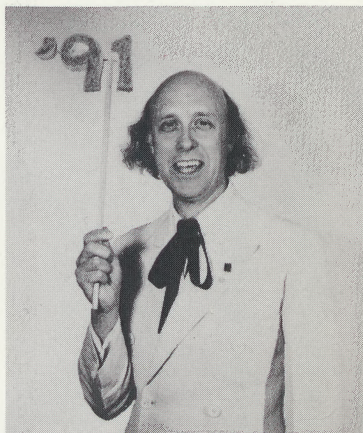


NOBES

A COLLECTION OF VINTAGE DEMO TAPES MADE BETWEEN 1967 AND 1977 BY CHRIS JUDGE SMITH, CO-FOUNDER OF VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR. INCLUDES SONGS AND PERFORMANCES BY PETER HAMMILL, HUGH BANTON AND DAVID JACKSON.

Viking
 Imperial Zeppelin
 The Institute of Mental Health
 A Letter to the Lady
 The Last Airship in the World
 Last Night I Dreamt I Played With Alfie Nokes
 There's No Time Like the Present
 (Unless Perhaps It's Yesterday)
 Garibaldi Biscuits
 Almost Twenty-Three
 Nineteen-Nineteen
 Time for a Change
 Sic Itur ad Astra
 Been Alone So Long
 Our Lady of the Losers
 Alderfield
 Cairo Cairo
 The Concert
 The Hotel Belvue Metropol Beach Excelsior
 Dies Irae

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DEMOCRAZY — JUDGE SMITH

A WORD FROM JUDGE

This is not a normal record. Most records, even those we find trite or forgettable, are made up of recently recorded music, rehearsed and performed to a high standard; lovingly tweaked, tweezed and sweetened by skilled engineers and preserved for your listening pleasure by miracles of high technology. This record is different.

DEMOCRAZY comprises a collection of songs dating from between 1967 and 1977: songs recorded roughly, quickly and cheaply; souvenirs of the first decade of one songwriters erratic career.

These recordings were made in many different circumstances and for a variety of reasons — perhaps to show the band how the new song goes, or maybe to sell the song to a record company or music publisher or recording artist, or as often as not, just for the sheer hell of it because this song was the best **ever** and we wanted to play it and impress our girlfriends. We called these creations 'demos'.

The word 'demo' was originally short for 'demonstration disk' and in the early days, our precious recordings would indeed end up on disk as 'acetates', one-off 45rpm singles which could only be played twenty or thirty times before the music sank beneath the sound of frying fish. Well into the early seventies, record companies and music publishers expected demos to be presented in this form until the new-fangled cassette tapes put paid to these successors of the wax cylinder.

You could make a demo in the front room with a microphone and a reel-to-reel tape recorder which could often be manipulated so that a second or third layer of instruments could be added on top of the original performance. 'Sound on sound' the manufacturers called this facility. We called it 'noise on noise' as generous amounts of hum and hiss rapidly spread a murky haze over everything.

With a few pounds to spare, you could move up-market and rent a standard three hour session in a commercial demo studio which might boast a four or even (later on) an eight-track tape recorder. These studios were strange, small, dark places that often smelt bad, where pallid engineers coaxed ancient, valve-driven equipment into fitful life (equipment even then regarded as obsolete and yet today changing hands at colossal prices because of its 'period sound'). The engineers themselves could be angels of grace and patience, or surly and unco-operative jobsworths, usually depending on whether the studio had actually paid them that week. They worked hours that would make a junior hospital doctor blanch because each of them was going to be the next Phil Spector or George Martin. Well, that was fine by us, since we were all going to be the new John Lennon or David Bowie.

The electronic revolution of the last twenty years has changed most aspects of our lives, but few things have been more radically turned around than the grassroots cheap end of the music business. Most of the demo studios that were so busy throughout the Sixties and Seventies have gone. For with a few hundred pounds worth of Japanese equipment, our would-be rock n roll hero can make his own demos in the privacy of his bedroom, demos of a far higher technical standard than many on this disc. With a couple of thousand to spend, he can buy a recording outfit and instruments which are perfectly capable of recording fully finished albums and hit singles (at least in certain styles of music). What's more, with the aid of modern synthesisers and sequencers, he can do it all in splendid, if lonely, isolation, with never the need to cajole or bribe or bully his musician friends to help.

Paradoxically, in today's topsy-turvy music world the aspiring new mainstream stadium-rock band or commercial teen-appeal vocalist can easily spend twenty-five grand in a state-of-the-art twenty-four track studio and come out with a tape happily regarded as a 'demo' by all concerned.

None of the recordings on this disc feature synthesisers. These hugely expensive contraptions, with their joy-stick controls and rats-nest of patch cords like a small private telephone exchange, had first made their appearance in the early Seventies, whistling and farting unpredictably at their nervous operators. I never liked the things, but not long after recording the most recent of these tracks, even I had made my first demos with a synth-player; for the instruments were now sleek, efficient machines of awesome capabilities, so who needed the hassle of organising lots of different musicians? By 1980 I had my own synth, and one of the first generation of cheap eight-track recorders and a rudimentary sequencer. Now even I, a non-guitarist and non-keyboard player, could make music on my own. I was thrilled. In hindsight, of course, much was lost. The Golden Age of Demos was over.

So here he comes, my younger self with his long-suffering friends, dropping wrong notes at every turn and making more hiss than you could shake a stick at. But he didn't care. He was just plain DEMO CRAZY.

TECHNICAL NOTE

These archive recordings have been cleaned-up and given a lick of paint for this disc, but **BE WARNED**. These are the creased and dog-eared sketch plans of records that were never built. They are songs in need of a wash and shave, music, without its make-up on.

The original stereo (or mono) tapes have been remastered digitally under the watchful ear of Les Chappell and treated by Equalisation, Noise Reduction, Compression (in some cases), Digital Ambience (in most cases) and "The Hobbyist" Honk-Filter. Mono recordings may now have some degree of stereo image. Any remaining hiss, distortion or drop-outs are unavoidably present on the original tapes. Do not adjust your set, there is a problem with reality.

VIKING

Words and music: Peter Hammill and Judge.

Recorded during the Winter of 1968-69 (the same session as 'Institute of Mental Health') on a domestic two-track tape recorder with 'sound on sound' facility, Mono.

The song was written during the Spring of 1968 during VdGG's early two-man period, and was later recorded by Peter Hammill on his 1971 album 'Fool's Mate'.

Guitar: Steve Robshaw

Vocals and tambourine: Judge

Looking out forward over the prow of the longship,
Pulling our oars and listening to the foam,
Helmets and sheepskins, salt-damp in the sea mist,
We're going home.

Snorri Thorbrandson, Einar Thorgjerson,
Eric The Red and Thorstein The Black.

Looking for constellations above the horizon,
West wind cutting sharper than our blades,
Smiling forever into an endless sunrise,
We're flying on the waves.

Thorfin Carlsefni, Aud The Deep Minded,
Olaf The White and Sigurd The Powerful.

Out of dark Vinkland, with grey waves racing before us,
We want no rest.
Back to the homeland, Iceland, sleeping in winter,
Back from the West.
Five years we roam,
Now we're going home.

IMPERIAL ZEPPELIN

Words: Judge. Music: Peter Hammill.

Recorded probably around April 1969 in a very cheap demo studio on a farm in Hampshire. Name now lost. Producer: Judge. Engineer: unknown. A mono recording.

Like 'Viking', this is a very early Van der Graaf Generator song dating from late 1967 and was later recorded for the Peter Hammill album 'Fool's Mate'.

Guitar and piano: Steve Robshaw

Bass: Ian Wolstenholme

Drums: Martin Pottinger

Saxophone: Max Hutchinson

Vocals: Judge

Pack your bags, we're leaving
Earth, where hate is seething.
Nothing's worth believing.
There's no time.
Make up your mind.
Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin.

Now the engine's turning,
Cabin lights are burning,
Now there's no returning.
We'll have love,
A mile above.
Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin.

We, the undersigned,
Being of sound mind,
Hereby do declare,
We henceforth pledge our-
Selves unto the Power
Of the Upper Air.

Leave the things you've always hated,
While you're uncontaminated.
It's not safe to stay much longer,

Come with us and we'll feel stronger.
Sign up with the Zeppelin crew,
The Captain will know what to do.
It's the only chance for you.

We can try to do some good,
I don't know why we really should.
I only wish we could.
Flying high,
Across the sky,
Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin.

Master of the skies,
We'll reorganise
As best we know how,
The God-awful mess
That you must confess
We've made up 'till now.

Doesn't that sound simply super,
Zeppelin visions of the future,
'Course we all know very well
It might not work, but whatthehell.
Every dice deserves a throw,
And when we get back home below,
We can say we had a go.

Overboard we're throwing
Seeds of love we're sowing,
Hope to God they're growing.
Down below
They'll see and know
Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin.

THE INSTITUTE OF MENTAL HEALTH

Words: Judge. Music: Peter Hammill.
Another song from the early Van der Graaf repertoire, written in late 1967 or early 1968 and later to be recorded by Peter Hammill on his 1975 album 'Nadir's Big Chance'. Recording details as per 'Viking'.
Guitar: Steve Robshaw
Vocals and bongos: Judge

It was the first day of July,
No wind breathed in the sky,
When a pin-striped suit
Saw that the Institute
Of Mental Health was burning.

He stood upon the corner
Where the sun was warmer,
Looking across the street,

Moved the shackles on his feet
As the Institute was burning.

Flames were roaring,
Singing like a thunderstorm,
Smoke was pouring
Straight up to the sky.
Timbers crashing,
Gothic doors and ceilings fall.
Windows smashing
And we both know why.

No one else came by to stare.
You see they didn't really care.
Can't call the Fire Brigade,
None of them had been paid.
So the Institute was burning.

No screams were heard from inside.
You see no one had really died.
No need to shed your tears,
They'd all been dead for years.
In the Institute, still burning.

In the city
People everywhere agreed,
It wasn't pretty,
And everyone felt glad.
Doctored brains
Celebrate, and everyone
Waves their chains.
It's a pity they're still mad.

The Institute of Mental Health
Spontaneously killed itself.
Ashes to ashes,
And dust to dust,
My chains began to rust
As the Institute was burning.

A LETTER TO THE LADY

Words: Judge. Music: Judge and Ivan Watson.
Recorded December 9 1970 in an eight-track demo studio (Tangerine Studios, East London).
Producer: Judge. Engineer: Steve Tracey.
Recorded under the name The Theta People.
Piano: Ivan Watson
Violin: Malcolm Watson
Saxophone: Dave Mitchell
Drums and vocals: Judge

To the last Lady of the High West, Greetings.
The old resistance fighter greets you.
And though it's years since our last meeting
Now I see it fit to send you...
News of the counter-invasion,
News of the fight,
News of the Power in Exile
News, news, news,
News, news, news.

My Lady, keep a fire burning
In your tower by the shore-line
For at last the tide of war is turning,
And I'll be there before the Springtime.
Bringing tales of great adventures,
Spoils of war,
Gold, jewels, furs for you
And more, much more,
More, much more.

Though we are of very different stations,
There are no princes left to take you,
So if I come and find you sleeping,
I will presume to kiss and wake you.
I'll have a small boat waiting
Out in the bay.
It will be there to take you
Far, far away,
Far, far away.

THE LAST AIRSHIP IN THE WORLD

Words and music: Judge.
Recorded February 24 1973 (the same session as 'Last Night I Dreamt...') in a two-track demo studio (Eden Studios, Kingston-on-Thames). Engineer: PK Love. A mono recording.
Piano: Max Hutchinson
Vocals: Judge

Early morn,
Just after dawn,
Sky was turning grey,
When the last airship in the world
Flew away, Lord, flew away.

Shut the door,
The engines roar.
No more time to stay,
So the last airship in the world
Is flying away, Lord, flying away.

They say they're mad.
Well that's too bad,
Who cares what they say?
When the last airship in the world
Is flying away, Lord, flying away.

And all the crew,
The Captain too,
Shouted out 'Hooray'
As the last airship in the world
Flew away, Lord, flew away.

Wave bye-bye,
But watch the sky.
They'll be back some day.
See the last airship in the world
Flying away, Lord, flying away.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I PLAYED WITH ALFIE NOKES

Words: Judge. Music: Max Hutchinson.
See 'The Last Airship in the World' for recording details. This song was intended for Five Jolly Jivers, a new band planned by Max and myself but never formed.
Piano: Max Hutchinson
Vocals: Judge

Last night I dreamt I played with Alfie Nokes.
One of the better blokes.
A Wartime khaki crowd were there despite a raid,
For still the dance bands played,
Our foxtrots filled the Palais floor with wild delight,
While cutting through the night,
Reaching a fiery height,
Our Alfie's trumpet sang a song that sparkled in the light.
I heard him on the wireless.
I heard him on the wireless.
So I'm up all night dreaming of Alfie Nokes.

Last night I dreamt I played with Hank B Marvin.
I watched him count us in.
We did the Shadow walk in shiny mohair suits,
We kicked our Chelsea boots.
We heard him turn his AC30 way up high,
His Stratocaster's cry,
Jet, Tony, Bruce and I.
The cats were jiving in the aisles as we played 'FBI'.
I heard him on the wireless.
I heard him on the wireless.
So I'm up all night, dreaming of Hank B Marvin.

Last night I dreamt I played with Edward Elgar.
It was spectacular.
He was conducting and he held the crowd in thrall
At the Albert Hall.
We played 'Enigma' and then the Concerto
For Violincello,
They wouldn't let him go,
Then he said to us 'My giddy aunt, you played a
ripping show!'

I heard him on the wireless.
I heard him on the wireless.
So I'm up all night dreaming of Edward Elgar.

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT (UNLESS PERHAPS IT'S YESTERDAY)

Words and music: Peter Hammill and Judge.
The following tracks, up to 'Been Alone So Long',
were all recorded between March and September
1973 at Peter Hammill's four-track home studio,
Sofa Sound, Worth, Sussex.
Producer / engineer: Peter Hammill.
Guitars, bass and backing vocals: Peter Hammill
Drums: Martin Pottinger
Saxophones: Dave Jackson
Lead vocals: Judge

There's got to be some changes made,
There's got to be some plans.
If you won't build me a machine,
I'll do it with my hands.
I've said my piece, I can't waste time.
I've other work to do,
But don't think I'm enjoying this,
I'm doing it for you.

Get up and pack your suitcase, girl
And meet me at the station.
With things so bad, I've organised
Our own evacuation.
I can't talk now, I have to split,
There's no time on the meter,
I hope she comes, but as they say
If you can't join her, beat her.

Chorus:
There's no time like the present,
Unless perhaps it's yesterday.
The future looks unpleasant,
So let's get in tomorrow's way.
Please, please don't miss the ride.

The Minister of Culture
Has really got us in his sights.
He sent a robot vulture
That circled round the house at night.
Its amplifiers quivering,
Playing repeats of the J. Y. Prog.,
Piping Engle through the central heating
And Donny up the bog.

Repeat chorus.

We better shift ourselves.
It might not be too late.
We've a snowflake's chance in hell
If we hesitate.
The net is growing tighter,
Gonna move to Hindustan.
They won't shoot me, I'm a writer.
Join me when you can.

Repeat chorus.

GARIBALDI BISCUITS

Words: Judge. Music: Hugh Banton.
Piano and double-speed piano: Hugh Banton
Vocals and euphonium: Judge

Eighty-seven years ago,
Garibaldi was betrayed.
Once the Generalissimo,
Now he's in the biscuit trade.

Of the ladies who could sing,
Nelly Melba was the most.
Now she doesn't have a thing
Except the peaches and the toast.

Chorus:

And no matter what you did,
And in spite of what you gave,
They'll call you by another name
As soon as you have risen from the grave.

Ajax left Troy to the worms,
Just as Homer's verses teach.
Killing almost all known germs,
Even where the brush can't reach.

All the Light Brigade obeyed
When Lord Cardigan ordered 'Charge!'
Now his woolly sleeves are frayed
In sizes small, medium and large.

Repeat chorus, then first verse.

ALMOST TWENTY-THREE

Words: Judge. Music: Maxwell Hutchinson.
Part of the repertoire of the 'rock-jazz' band Heebalob,
founded by Max Hutchinson and myself, and active
throughout 1969. Played here by the Heebalob line-
up (less bass-player John Weir).
Guitar and bass: Max Hutchinson
Drums: Martin Pottinger
Flute: Dave Jackson
Vocals: Judge

Glass islands, glass islands
Floating in a silver sea
Why, why don't you belong to me?

Golden lady, golden lady,
Must be almost twenty-three,
Why, why don't you belong to me?

Happy planet, happy planet.
Sailing in a peaceful sky;
Yeah, yeah, we can have it if we try.

NINETEEN-NINETEEN

Words and music: Judge.
Guitar, bass and backing vocals: Peter Hammill
Lead vocals, euphonium and drums: Judge

I'm not sure where you came from;
I'll never know your name,
And I don't know where you were about to go.
You don't need to put me wise
'Cause I've looked into your eyes
And seen everything I really need to know.
Oh, oh, oh.

We met at the antique market.
You cost me 50p to get.
I took you home and hung you on the wall.
I thought it was a laugh,
Just a faded photograph
Of a pretty girl with a pretty parasol,
Oh, oh, oh, that was all.

Well I know that it was stupid and basically unsound,
But I fell in love with you and I was sure you were the one;
The girl I should have met but never ever found.

I was going to look for you
To see if it was really true,
So I had to check the studio where you'd been.
I found it on the back,

It just said 'Studio Pasternak'
And then 'St Petersburg, July 1919'.
Oh, oh, oh, what a scene
St Petersburg, 1919.

Well you'd be seventy-five, about,
If you were still alive.
I guess our lives were simply just mistimed.
But when I hit a groove,
I can almost see you move
On a flickering sepia screen inside my mind.
Oh, oh, oh, so refined.

The savage Seminole
Believed snapshots ensnared the soul.
That's why they weren't keen on photography.
I thought of this last night
Now just suppose that they were right,
You could be in there somewhere looking out at me.
What do you see?

TIME FOR A CHANGE

Words: Judge. Music: Steve Robshaw.
Song written during the winter of 1968-69 and sub-
sequently recorded by Peter Hammill on his 1979
album 'pH7'.
Guitar: Peter Hammill
Vocals: Judge

Time for a change,
I feel tired; things look strange,
Home, home on the range,
Yes, it's time for a change.

'Well, young man, when you grow up,
What would you like to be?'
'Please, Sir, if it's alright,
I'd like to learn how to be me.'

Switch on the light,
Getting late, almost night.
A shilling puts you right,
You can switch on the light.

The world was looking stretched and tight,
An overblown balloon.
Got the feeling something big
Has got to happen soon.

Time for a change,
Out of breath, out of range.
Tell Dr Strange
That it's time for a change.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

Words and music: Judge.

The Latin title translates as 'Thus is the way to the stars'.

Guitar, bass and harmonium: Peter Hammill

Drums: Martin Pottinger

Guitar solo: Hugh Banton

Vocals and Chinese shawm: Judge

You say that you want the truth.

Well, 'Sic itur ad astra'.

You want the depth of age, and the powers of youth

Well, 'Sic itur ad astra'.

You say you're looking for freedom

And you've searched relentlessly.

You would be amazed to find

Just how free you can be.

On frosty nights the stars spell out

'Sic itur ad astra'.

You've heard a thousand prophets shout

'Sic itur ad astra'.

But no-one ever showed you how

'Cause no-one knew the way.

The path's been walked; the door's been found.

It's wide open today.

Well I know you've been betrayed before.

'Sic itur ad astra'.

Been promised peace and given war.

'Sic itur ad astra'.

But don't stand shivering in the rain

Wondering what to do,

Ten thousand million wait behind

You're holding up the queue.

The things that keep people prisoner

Are ignorance and fear.

For your sake and for all mankind,

Come here, my friend; sincerely, friend

It's clear, my friend, that 'Sic itur ad astra'.

BEEN ALONE SO LONG

Words and music: Judge.

Later recorded by Peter Hammill on his 1975 album

'Nadir's Big Chance'.

Guitar and bass: Peter Hammill

Vocals, euphonium, autoharp and whistling: Judge

Been alone so long

That I've forgotten what it's like

To feel somebody next to me

And hear her breathing peacefully

When I wake up at night, wake up at night.

Been alone so long

That I've forgotten what to say.

If I meet somebody who

Might easily resemble you

I smile and look away, I look away.

Been alone so long

That I've forgotten what to do.

How to make the whole thing right

And how to help if she's uptight

And when to run and when to fight

And how to make her stay the night;

That's if I ever knew, if I ever knew.

OUR LADY OF THE LOSERS

Words and music: Judge.

Recorded October 1973 in an eight-track demo

studio (Independent Radio Studios, Soho).

Producer: Judge. Engineer: unknown.

Guitar and bass: Steve Hicklin

Drums: Ben Burrow

Electric Piano: Raymond Falconer

Cello and tenor sax: Dave Mitchell

Vocals and autoharp: Judge

Our Lady of the Losers.

Be they lonely freaks or boozers.

She will make them OK.

Our Lady of the Losers.

It's a lucky man she chooses

For she'll check his decay.

I met her one night at somebody's flat

And she looked like a little water-rat;

Corkscrew hair and great big eyes.

A look of permanent surprise.

She came up and gave me a wink

Well we'd both had a bit too much to drink.

It was nice but heavens above,

I never thought I'd fall in love, with...

(Chorus) Our Lady of the Losers etc...

I took her home and opened the door;

There were strange people sleeping on the floor.

There were folks with nowhere to stay

She wouldn't ask to go away.

There were six stray cats in all

And a rock-band that practised in the hall.

I said 'Wouldn't you like to have the place to your own?'

She said 'Charity begins at home'. That's...

(Chorus) Our Lady of the Losers etc...

I was really down when we met,

But her loving soon helped me to forget.

Each day was like a dream come true

And I felt oh, simply spiferoo!

One day she put her hand in mine

And said 'Mister, it seems you're doing fine,

And if it's all the same to you,

I'd like to go with someone new'.

(Chorus) Our Lady of the Losers etc...

Our Lady's so confusing,

Only loves you when you're losing,

But thanks anyway, thanks anyway, thanks anyway.

ALDERFIELD

Words: Judge. Music: Hugh Banton.

Recorded circa 1975 or 1976 on a domestic 2-track tape-recorder with 'sound-on-sound' facility.

Producer / engineer: Hugh Banton.

Guitar and piano: Hugh Banton

Vocals: Judge

Alderfield, could I forget, at

Alderfield, the day we met,

How the wind blew in from the sea;

How the leaves were falling

And how the clouds were calling to me.

And as I gazed into the sky,

Softly came the passer-by,

Quietly asked what kind of clouds did I prefer.

That's how I met her.

Alderfield, we walked the way of

Alderfield, short Autumn days,

'Till there were no leaves left to fall.

I recall deciding

To stop our paths dividing at all.

I don't know what made you agree

Rain clouds came in from the sea.

You left everything and left with me that day.

We went far away.

Alderfield, the years between,

Alderfield, the tears they've seen.

And although somehow life still goes on,

Every new November

I suddenly remember you've gone.

And when the morning frosts begin,

When the nights start closing in,

Clouds of leaves fall and the tree within's revealed.

I dream of Alderfield.

CAIRO CAIRO

Words and music: Judge.

Recorded October 10 1976 in a sixteen-track profes-

sional studio (Foel Studio, Llanfair Caereinion, Wales).

Producer: Richard Manwaring. Engineer: Ian Gomm.

The melody of this song is freely based on an anonymous fifteenth century Spanish erotic song 'Pasa el Agoa'.

Guitar: Tony Harris

Bass: Max Hutchinson

Drums: Richard Manwaring

Piano: Robert Pettigrew

Saxophones: Dave Mitchell

Vocals: Judge

Cairo Cairo

Lady of my desire-o,

Cairo Cairo

I want you back again. *Repeat*

You're the worst girl a man ever had,

While you were here I almost went mad.

You put me down,

You spun me round,

I felt like an autogiro.

Cairo Cairo

I want you back again. *Repeat*

Cairo Cairo

Come and set me on fire-o,

Cairo Cairo

I want you back again. *Repeat*

Now that you're gone it's peaceful at night,

No-one to love, but no-one to fight.

Free as air,

I don't have a care

But one thing I can't deny though,

Cairo Cairo

I want you back again. *Repeat*

Cairo Cairo,
Go, man, go.
Cairo Cairo
No-one can get me higher, no,
Cairo Cairo
I want you back again. *Repeat*

Oh how I want the sight of your face,
Long as you don't start smashing the place.
I know you say
It's hard to behave,
The least you could do is try though.
Cairo Cairo
I want you back again. *Repeat*

THE CONCERT

Words: Judge. Music: Hugh Banton
Recorded circa 1975 or 1976 on a domestic two-track tape recorder at Hugh Banton's flat.
Piano: Hugh Banton
Vocals: Judge

When the curtain falls,
I sit here in the stalls.
When the stars had gone,
I still lingered on
With my fantasy.
With each song they'd do
I thought perhaps I could do that too,
And it's going to all come true tonight,
So turn that spotlight right on me!

All the press have been told
And every ticket's been sold.
I don't care what they write,
It's my turn tonight
For those bouquets and smiles.
Out there on the boards
I'll sing my songs as everyone applauds,
And if they give me half a chance
I'll know I'll make them dance in the aisles.

'....oh yeah it's a great act. In the last number they release two hundred white doves and these chicks come on carrying the Flags of All Nations....'

I know it all
Goes much too far
But for tonight I'll be a star.

Well the band's been paid,
The opening number's been played.
Nothing can go wrong,
It's my favourite song
And they're just starting to cheer.
The day after the show
That audience out there might not want to know;
Might not recall my name at all
Or stand and jeer,
But I don't mind if I'm in shtuck.... I'm on....
Hey everybody, look! It's me! I'm here!

THE HOTEL BELVUE METROPOL BEACH EXCELSIOR

Words: Judge. Music: Hugh Banton.
Recorded August 3 1977 (same session as 'Dies Irae') in an eight-track demo studio (TPA Studios, Denmark St, London W1). Producer: Judge. Engineer: Bob Painter. The band heard here is The Imperial Storm Band, a 'theatrical rock' band which I led and which was actively working between March and August 1977.
Guitar and backing vocals: Kef McCulloch
Bass and backing vocals: Ian Fordham
Drums: John 'Hodge' Hodgeson
Piano and backing vocals: Tony Britten
Lead vocals: Judge

There's a hotel down this way
That's a charming place to stay,
But at night I shouldn't go up above the second floor.
I mean the bedroom's rather nice
But I'll give you some advice:
When you sleep just put a chair up against the door.

Vampire Light
It's the same thing every night;
He comes, sometimes he goes
So that no-one knows,
At the Hotel Belvue Metropol Beach Excelsior.
Well I'm waiting here for you
And there isn't much to do.
In the mornings I play chess with the Countess
down the hall.

But the lounge looks cold and bare,
We're the only people there,
With the waiter who comes silently when we call.

Vampire Light
Got to keep it burning bright.
Just one candle a day
Keeps the Things away
From the Hotel Belvue Metropol Beach Excelsior.

They come creeping
When you're sleeping.
Do their scheming
While you're dreaming.
God preserve us!
I'm so nervous.

There are voices in my ears,
And my pillow's wet with tears
But at four o'clock I wait for the sound of violins.
The Palm Court Quartet don't jive;
They're the oldest band alive,
But they really get it on with The Student Prince.

Vampire Light
Better get here Tuesday night.
We have my bills to pay.
It's not cheap to stay
At the Hotel Belvue Metropol Beach Excelsior
Night and day... Breakfast tray... S'il vous plait...
That's the way... Jeux sont faits...

DIES IRAE

Words: Traditional thirteenth century. Music: Judge.
Same session as 'Hotel Belvue...' This track is an arrangement by The Imperial Storm Band of one of the nine movements of my 'Requiem Mass', written in 1975 for Choir, nine-piece brass section, guitar, bass, drums and lead vocal, with orchestrations by Michael Brand (coming soon on Oedipus Recs??). The text is part of the Latin Mass for the Dead and I have attempted my own translation below.
Guitar and backing vocals: Kef McCulloch
Bass and backing vocals: Ian Fordham
Drums: John 'Hodge' Hodgeson
Electric piano and backing vocals: Tony Britten
Lead vocals: Judge

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

THE DAY OF RAGE

On that Day of Rage, the world we know will crumble to ashes, just like they always said it would./ We'll be shaking in our boots when the Judge arrives, smashing up everything, with a flick of his little finger./ Fantastic trumpets echo round hell; it's a Court Summons for everybody./ The world of the living and the world of the dead, both gobsmacked as souls rise from the grave to stand trial./ And here's the book that the planet will be judged by. It's open and it's got the full story./ When the Judge gets on the job, all secrets will be spilled. We'll get away with nothing./ And what about muggins here? What will I say? Who's going to stick up for me when even innocent people are scarcely safe?/ Please, you terrifying King; you rescue people who cry for help; all mercy starts with you, so save me!

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My profound thanks are due to the following musicians (listed alphabetically) who, over the years, generously contributed their time, their enthusiasm and their own unique skills to these tracks:- Hugh Banton, Tony Britten, Ben Burrow, Raymond Falconer, Ian Fordham, Peter Hammill, Tony Harris, Stephen Hicklin, John Hodgeson, Maxwell Hutchinson, Dave Jackson, Richard Manwaring, Kef McCullock, Dave Mitchell, Robert Pettigrew, Martin Pottinger, Steve Robshaw, Ivan Watson, Malcolm Watson, Ian Wolstenholme.

Some names keep cropping up in the track listings of this album. Martin Pottinger, Dave Mitchell, Max Hutchinson and Ian Fordham have always been game for a blow; always up for a gig; always happy to bang down a bit of sax/lead/cello/drums/bass/whatever, on my latest effort. Thanks fellers.

Special thanks are due to Peter Hammill who co-wrote four of these tracks and produced, engineered and performed on seven of them; also to the other outstanding composers, Hugh Banton, Max Hutchinson and Steve Robshaw, who have indulged my shameless appetite for good tunes.

In the DEMO-CRAZY spirit of the times, no-one was paid anything for playing on the sessions that make up this release, but there was always a nebulous understanding that the musicians would share in any money the recording might eventually make. The years pass and it's easy to lose track of people; so if any of the chaps listed above are out of contact, do get in touch.

Lastly my personal thanks must go to Oedipus Recs supremo Fred Tomsett for making this happen, and to Ian Laycock who, with Fred, originally conceived this hare-brained scheme.

Remastered by Les Chappell (who deserves a medal) at H.O.M.E. Studios.
Front cover design by Judge. Photography by Les Chappell.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Judge founded Van der Graaf Generator with Peter Hammill in 1967 at Manchester University and subsequently launched several other bands including Heebalob (1969), The Imperial Storm Band (1977) and The Modern Beats (1979). With Maxwell Hutchinson, he co-wrote several stage musicals including 'The Kibbo Kift' (Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh 1976 and Crucible Theatre, Sheffield 1977) and 'The Ascent of Wilberforce III' (Traverse 1981 and Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith 1982) and with Lene Lovich, 'Mata Hari' (Lyric Theatre 1982). He also wrote and directed the award-winning short film 'The Brass Band' (1974) and composed the chamber opera 'The Book of Hours' (Young Vic Theatre 1978). His songs have been recorded by Peter Hammill and Lene Lovich and featured on the TV show *Not the Nine O'Clock News* (1979-82). From 1972 to 1990, he worked as librettist with composer Peter Hammill on their opera 'The Fall of the House of Usher', due for release in 1991. He is currently working on his first solo album proper in the Norfolk countryside.

Oedipus Recs would like to thank Camster and Alan Hutchinson for persuasion and pressure; everybody at Lifespan for work beyond the call of duty; Judge, Peter Hammill and Michael Brand for being foolish enough to let us go ahead with this project; and all those people who put their money where my mouth was, namely:- Avy Abudy, Stephen Andrews, Jonathan Bisset, Jeff Brown, Steve Burns, Ulf Carro, Julian Cooper, Rob Coupland, Stefano Covili, Scott Fullarton, Adrian Haegele and friends, Louis Heemelaar, Mark Hughes, Rob Hughes, Alan Hutchinson, Ron Jagielnik, Gaz King, Satoru Kutsunai, John Lane, Andy Leslie, Ken Lowe, Jan Luyecckx and friends, John McDonald, Rob Nicholls, Peter Ostrowski, Malcolm Parker, Paul Rhodes, Rolf Schlipper, Marcel Schnyder, Greg Spawton, Alan Terrill, Tony Walker, Peta Walters, D Wilson, Mark Wilson.

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

DEMOCRAZY

CHRIS JUDGE SMITH

THEBES001

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1 Viking (Hammill/Smith), 2 Imperial Zeppelin (Hammill/Smith), 3 The Institute of Mental Health (Hammill/Smith), 4 A Letter to the Lady (Smith/Watson), 5 The Last Airship in the World (Smith), 6 Last Night I Dreamt I Played With Alfie Nokes (Smith/Hutchinson), 7 There's No Time Like the Present (Unless Perhaps It's Yesterday) (Hammill/Smith), 8 Garibaldi Biscuits (Banton/Smith), 9 Almost Twenty-Three (Hutchinson/Smith), 10 Nineteen-Nineteen (Smith), 11 Time for a Change (Robshaw/Smith), 12 Sic Itur Ad Astra (Smith), 13 Been Alone So Long (Smith), 14 Our Lady of the Losers (Smith), 15 Alderfield (Banton/Smith), 16 Cairo Cairo (Smith), 17 The Concert (Banton/Smith), 18 The Hotel Belvue Metropol Beach Excelsior (Banton/Smith), 19 Dies Irae (Smith).